

and I forgive all of you finally for teaching
me the way:
each woman is a re-occurrence of the same
woman.
you're all nice girls and if there's a heaven
somewhere
there's a big smile there and it's all of you
smiling
as the great white shark whirls in captivity
with stunned eyes dumb, dumb stunned
eyes

THE DARLINGS

a world full of successful people's
sons
on bicycles
on the Hollywood Riviera
at 3:11 P.M.
on a Tuesday afternoon ...

this is what some of the armies
died to save
this is what many of the ladies
desire:
these stuffed fractions of
beings
pedalling along
or stopping to chat while
still seated upon their mounts
gentle breezes sifting across
their undisturbed faces ...

I understand very little of this
except maybe the armies killed the
wrong people
but they usually do:
they always think the enemy is
those they are directed against
instead of those who
direct them:
the fathers of the
darlings.

— Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA